

# CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

VOL. IX.]

Charlotte, (N. C.) June 13, 1839.

[NO. 454.]

T. J. Williams, Printer and Publisher.

## TERMS:

TWO DOLLARS, if paid in advance.  
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within three months.  
Three Dollars, if not paid until the end of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except in the case of the Editors.

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## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JUNE, 1839.	Time from sunrise to sunset.	MOON'S PHASES.
13 Thursday.	4 45.7 12	For June, 1839.
14 Friday.	4 47.7 12	
15 Saturday.	4 49.7 12	1st 4 4 38 even.
16 Sunday.	4 51.7 12	2nd 11 4 31 eve'n.
17 Monday.	4 53.7 12	3rd 18 4 30 eve'n.
18 Tuesday.	4 55.7 12	4th 25 4 29 eve'n.
19 Wednesday.	4 57.7 12	5th 32 4 28 eve'n.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Detroit Morning Post.]

### THE WHISTLER FINALLY WHITTLED.

Had a friend a shaver follow by the way, but a great while. Day after day, I've seen him "sit on a rail," on a stand, leaning against a post with knife in hand, and while all day long—so it is thought, he all depended on the shape his stick was wrought.

He whittled even when a boy.  
And at school his favorite study  
Was whittling—his bench and desk and even the frame.

Of his class—all bore the initials of his name;  
In short, on all the cutlery, 'twould trouble you  
To find a spot not marked with W.

And then he'd stick of all dimensions,  
From pine shingles up to punchpins,  
In either pocket, which he used  
To whistle on when he was studious.

He was a lawyer—(and I've known him to whistle  
Many a client out of his vision.)  
Sometimes he used to speculate—  
A knife and stick was then the bet.

On such occasions you would see  
His whittling scientifically,  
Until at length you would detect  
His drawing out the intellect

Of his friend "Whisper," but never could nail him,  
Before his whittling stick would fall.

And in the company of ladies,  
Whittling he always made his  
Principal employment—  
For in it he found sweet enjoyment.

Two talking with the pretty coquette,  
He'd glaze their caprice features.

And then in youth he whittled time away—  
At times, at length began to turn the play,  
And whittled him—and in childhood, day by day,  
The death came whittling on that way.

And whittled off his teeth—and then my friend  
And all his whittlings were at an end.

From the New York Herald.

### THE JEALOUS WIFE—A SKETCH.

"Tillie light or air,  
Am to the jealous, confusion strong  
As proof of Holy Writ."

Arthur W. had been married two years to Jane B., the belle of W—Place. He was young, rich, handsome, accomplished, and, in fact all that a woman could desire.

Jane B. was the only child of a distinguished widowed father—wealthy, haughty, and as proud as Lucifer, and one of his greatest boasts was, that no stain of dishonor had ever yet blotted his escutcheon. When Arthur W. sought his daughter's hand, his mother was fully given—for his character no above reproach, and his standing unquestionable.

Well, they had been married at the time by the common law two years, and had come to wish for nothing but an heir, with which Providence had not seen fit to bless them,—with that exception, they were as their hearts could desire.

One dark, stormy night in September last, Arthur was out upon some urgent business, when his wife, who was just preparing to retire (the servants having all preceded her), was startled by a violent rapping at the door of their house in V—street. Thinking it might be Arthur who had, perhaps, forgotten his night key, she ran down stairs, and opened the door, but no person. On looking around, she perceived something on the stoop which she picked up, and retiring, closed the door,—it was a basket, nearly tied down, and to the handle was fastened a note, addressed to a delicate female hand to Arthur W.—she ran up to her room, and laying her finger upon the table, examined the note closely. It was certainly addressed to a female hand, and she handled it with possible delicacy, trying to keep into its contents. All she could make out were the words "deluded"—"pledge"—"behold."

What could this mean? She trembled in every limb, but not with curiosity—she trembled at her own imaginings; and for the first time since she first saw Arthur W. a pang of jealousy shot across her mind.—While deeply agitated with these feelings

and thoughts, a faint cry as of a child, made her start from her reverie, and gaze about the room in terror. What could it be?—Where did it come from? It was repeated more distinctly; it was a child's wail, and it proceeded from the basket before her.

It was the work of an instant to tear off the fastening of the basket, and as she stood within, she took back in speechless horror—for there, with its innocent face upturned, lay a smiling cherub of some five months growth. Without hesitating another look, she tore open the note attached to the basket, and with feelings of indignation too strong to be here expressed, she read as follows:—

"Beloved Arthur—for you are still first in my heart—your poor, ruined, lost Louise sends this pledge of our love and of my shame to you;—treat it better than you have your."

"Devoted Louise."

Horror, anger, vengeance, and jealousy were the feelings that tore the hitherto peaceful bosom of Jane. She seated herself mechanically. She could not sleep, but with the note in her hand. She gazed upon the basket with a vacant stare. How long thus occupied, I know not; but she was aroused by feeling an arm round her neck, from the touch of which she started as if a viper were there.

"Why Jane, what is the matter with you?"—said Arthur; for it was he who had stealthily entered, intending to surprise her.

She stood from him one or two paces, and after gazing at him for a full minute, with a look that struck him dumb with horror, so wild, so unearthly was it, she slowly raised her hand to his face, and her form swelling with every conceivable emotion, she said in a voice that went to his very heart, "Villain—lying, perjured villain."—And now the woman rose within her, superior to all, and, assuming a calmness which was perfectly terrible, she added, "Read that."

He took the note, hastily perused it, and looked into the basket; but he saw nothing, those to cause such dreadful feelings in him, as he had been exhibited by his wife.—"Why Jane! surely is it this that has disturbed you? Do you not know me too well to believe, for an instant, that this is ought but a contemptible trick to find this lost upon me!"

"Oh, very well, sir, as he is; I shall not bandy words with you. I thought I knew you; but how have I been deceived! It is a very extraordinarily good trick—very laughable—ho! ha! ha!" and she laughed such a laugh as made his blood curdle.—"I believe all you say—perhaps my father will too—at all events, he had better know it, had he not? You know he will enjoy the joke so much!"—and here she laughed again, so long, and so loud, that Arthur, who feared she had gone insane, rose to lead her to a chair; but she waived him off; and, with a look that was almost Medusan, she turned and left the room.

Arthur did not attempt to follow her, for he knew it was useless; so, seating himself, he re-read the note; and, after taking another peep at the little responsibility thus singularly thrust upon him, he seated himself, and thus composed with himself: "Well, this is a pretty predicament indeed! Who the devil can this Louise be? Jane certainly takes it in earnest. How the devil shall I get out of it—D—n the trick."—At this moment the infant set up a regular squall, which so disturbed Arthur, that, rather than listen to it, he took up the child, which was really a beautiful one, and began to caress it, calling it by every endearing name that he had ever heard among his female acquaintances, and he succeeded in stopping its cries, and was about to deposit it in its wicker receptacle, when he heard his wife's voice at the door; and, on looking up, he there saw her gazing at him with a countenance fairly demoralized as she said,—"What a capital joke this will be to tell my father!" and with a hysterical laugh, she fell senseless on the floor. He rang up his servants, to some of whom he committed the care of his wife, and, pointing to the basket, into which he had deposited his burthen, he bade the old housekeeper to take charge of it for the night, and she very directly obeyed, without asking any questions. I must pass over the scene in the bed-room that night.

The next morning Jane did not appear at the breakfast table, and Arthur, knowing that in her present state of mind, it would be useless to say anything, forbore to trouble her with any message. The meal finished, he bade the housekeeper bring the child, and proceeded to the Alma House, where he gave up his little charge, just giving strict orders that he should be informed of its future fate. As he was leaving the room, the housekeeper, stopping him, handed him a gold locket with some braided hair in it, and on it were engraved the letters "A. W. to L. W." which she said she had taken from the child's neck. Without making any reply, he proceeded to his business; but not with a mind at ease. "Something seemed to hang over him; and, as he wound his way homewards, at dinner time,

a foreboding crept over him, that something was wrong. On reaching his house, every thing was in the utmost confusion; and, with a dreadful feeling at his heart, he rushed up to his wife's bed-room, and he actually felt as if a load had been taken from his heart, when a glance told him it was deserted. He had dreaded the worst; and, as it now was, he was pleased to know that his fears had not been realized. He did not condemn to ask any questions of his servants. He had no idea of exciting their sympathies; but, merely saying he would dine out, he proceeded to the house of Jane's father. But he was benighted; and, knowing that it would be folly to parley with him, he turned away; and, with feelings which may be imagined but not described, he went to an eating house, and eat his solitary dinner.

In a few days, Arthur's furniture was sold off, the house closed, and he, with an aching heart and a clouded brow, daily pursued his solitary, daily routine of business; and when any frivolous friend would bring up the subject, his countenance betrayed such intense agony, that the speaker forbore to press it further.

In this way had Arthur passed six months, occasionally hearing of Jane from a servant whom he had bribed—and hearing that she was fast fading away. He knew not what to do; he would have given all he possessed to have cleared the mystery, and every effort that he made proved unavailing.

One evening while seated at his solitary supper in W.'s eating house, he heard some person in the next box to whose conversation he had paid no attention, say—"I tell you, Arthur W., you have behaved like a d—d rascal to that girl."

It was enough—like a tiger he sprang into the box whence that voice proceeded, and in a voice low, but dreadful as the mutterings of the thunder, he asked, "Which of you answers to the name of Arthur W.?"

"I do," promptly responded a tall, slim and rather good looking young man, who seemed to be terrified at the appearance of Mr. W.

Mr. W. changed his tone at once, and in a voice of pleading tremulousness, he asked—"Will you favor me with your address? I wish it for no bad purpose; You can make me the happiest mortal in existence: Will you do it?"

"Will I? That I will," replied Arthur W.—"but I can't see how."

"No matter now. I will call upon you to-morrow at 11 o'clock; do not fail to be at home, for perhaps a life hangs upon your words."

"I will not fail."

Mr. W. was gone. Springing into a hack, he was soon at Mr. B.'s door, and it was opened by that gentleman himself.

"How dare you sir!" he began in a voice of thunder. But, clasping his hands, while the tears coursed down his manly cheeks, Mr. W. asked for his Jane.

"Oh! sir, happiness will be ours again; I have found him—the villain, the infamous villain—where, is Jane?"

"Go see her yourself," said Mr. B., softened by his manner, and in an instant he was in Jane's room. But it was not his Jane—his beautiful blooming Jane. There she sat, in a sick chair; pale, wan—faded and wasted till she was but a shadow of her former self. Waving the servant from the room, they were again alone. I will not intrude on that holy scene.

At 12 o'clock the next morning, young Arthur W., Mr. W., his faded wife, and her now happy father, were assembled in Mr. B.'s parlor.

Advancing to Arthur, Mr. W. without saying a word, produced from his pocket the gold locket given him by the housekeeper, on the day he gave up the child, and placed it in his hands. For an instant he gazed at it, and bursting into tears, he exclaimed "Poor—poor Louise."

It was enough: with a cry of joy Jane sank into her husband's arms, and all was forgotten and forgiven. He was indeed the father of the hapless infant. He confessed it, and asked in the most piteous tones for his dear Louise. In an instant she was in his arms. "I will add no more now, except to state that at the time Arthur W. deserted Louise W—, he was boarding in the very house afterwards occupied by his namesake, my unfortunate here; and she not knowing that he had removed, left the infant there in the full faith that it would reach its sinful father. The story of Louise and Arthur must be reserved for a future day."

A Taper.—Mr. Vanhorn, a Dutch merchant, drank a certain number of bottles of port daily, and upon reckoning up the number he had drunk during 23 years, it amounted to 23,586 bottles, or 59 pipes of red port.

The Old Oak.—It is stated that a noble white oak, within a mile of the state house, in Columbus, Ohio, recently made 800 rails, and 10 cords of wood; it was 6 feet in diameter round the butt.

## From the Farmers' Cabinet.

### AGRICULTURE.

There is a spirit abroad, and one too which is daily increasing, upon that so long despised and neglected subject AGRICULTURE. Despised by those who are unacquainted with the advantages arising from it,—neglected and unimproved by the vast majority of those already engaged in it, from the want of a proper appreciation of the benefits which would result to them from a more thorough knowledge of their calling. Men are opening their eyes, and are constrained to acknowledge, that agriculture is a science; the operations of which are not to be entrusted to manual labor alone; but the mind is also to be called into action; that it is a field, than which there is none wherein the acquisition of a practical and scientific knowledge, and a good judgment, can have wider scope for their exertions. In this, as in all other sciences, there are but few divisions which may be considered as having reached a degree of perfection. There will continually be new inventions and discoveries which will tend to advance it. The agriculturists of this country are far more favorably situated than those of any other land. They possess great advantages. There is no expensive clergy to be unwillingly supported—taxes are light, and ready market and fair prices are always to be found for the surplus products of their farms. But let us not be content with merely receiving the favors which the hand of an all-bountiful Providence showers upon us. Let us show by our actions that we rightly estimate them; there is much needed to be done yet; let us not be backward, as a people, in the improvement of the age. Nothing will tend more toward the advancement of this great community, as a body, than the diffusion of useful knowledge to all its classes; the successful carrying out of those systems of education, by which all may have the opportunity to drink at the fount of knowledge; but this, although the great hope upon which we may base our rise in the scale of mankind, will require time. There are also other means by which the interest of this great subject may be fostered—by individual exertion—by soliciting the aid of legislative enactments for their encouragement—by the formation of agricultural societies, for "in union there is strength." But perhaps there is none more simple, or more efficacious at the present time, than the disseminating the experience and views of practical farmers through the medium of a well conducted agricultural paper.—There are two kinds of information to be derived from publications of this character, which are equally important. I mean that regarding successful experiments, and that of disappointments in attempting to prove theory. There is no way by which a farmer may benefit his conditors more, than by experimenting and making known the results of his trials. To be serviceable, these should be told in a plain manner, so as to be easily understood. Now it is discernible, that while we are often favored with accounts of successful experiments, large yields of crops, &c., (and for which the authors are highly commendable,) few are disposed to exhibit the relations of misapplied labor. This should not be. There appears to me no good reason why they should be withheld; their narration might serve to deter the inexperienced from entering untrodden fields, wherein there is nought to reap. Agricultural papers are not established and supported as mere channels for pointing out the bright points of a system which would inculcate in the mind of a superficial reader false ideas of its capabilities, but that the faults of it also may be held up to view, and measures taken to remove the stumbling blocks which impede its progress. Let not selfish motives actuate our farmers, but let each be willing to contribute his portion towards the work for the benefit of all; remember, upon the agricultural division depends, in a great measure, the prosperity of the whole country.

C. B.

True Philosophy.—The Farmers.—Two farmers, who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost.—One of them came to console with the other on their misfortune. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! I have done nothing but fret ever since.—But, bless me! you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up just now: what are those?" "Those," said the other; "why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What, coming up already?" cried the first. "Yes; while you were fretting I was working." "What! and don't you fret when you have a loss?"—"Yes, but I always put it off until I have repaired the mischief." "Lord! why then you've no need to fret at all." "True," replied the industrious gardener, "and that's the very reason; in truth, it is very pleasant to have no longer reason to think of misfortunes; and it is astonishing how many might be repaired by a little alacrity and energy."

Commonsense.—When is a door not a door? When it is ajar.

## THOUGHTS FOR MECHANICS.

We find in one of our exchange papers the following remarks under the above head: We know not from whence they originated, but they are deserving an attentive perusal.

Old Ben Franklin was one of the wisest, shrewdest and greatest mechanics of his day. His "Poor Richard" will make any poor man rich. What is the secret of his success? many a mechanic may ask. Ah! this is the thing. When we find out the secret, we can all be Ben Franklin, and we can all be rich.

We have often studied the character of this truly great man, from the time he was sticking types in Boston to the time when he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia with a loaf of bread under his arm or sat with Kings and Queens in Paris, or brought down the lightning by his kite. The secret of his success I have thought, in part, was industry, which very many also have, but above all he thought and acted for himself. He was no man's man, but he was Ben Franklin's man.

But, says one, "you say industry and frugality are common virtues with mechanics. Why then are not all mechanics rich?" The reason is there are many who will not think for themselves; in an affair of business, for example, instead of sitting down and making their own calculation, they trust others to sit down and calculate for them. Instead of employing their leisure hours in studying out for themselves how the world is going, they sit down and listen to others, and take their say-so that this is right and that is wrong.

The great obstacle in the way of the advancement of the poor, and of the working men of this country, is that they do not always think for themselves, and that they too often suffer others to think for them. But let them remember that the very moment they cease to belong to themselves, they belong to him to whom they have entrusted their thinking powers.

For what else has God given us our eyes and ears but to see and hear for ourselves? If we trust these eyes and these ears to others, we are slaves—white though we be.

Above all, then, think for yourselves—act for yourselves.

## REMARKS OF THE JEWES.—By Chateaubriand.

Fontaine asked me one day, why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men. I gave him a reason at once poetical and Christian.—The Jewesses, I replied, have escaped the curse, which has alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and the rabble who insulted the Son of man, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, subjected him to ignominy and the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour—they loved, they followed him, they soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head the precious ointment which she kept in a vase of alabaster; the sinner anointed his feet with a perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his grace and mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus; he cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate Judge to the woman in crime. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary; balm, and spices, and weeping, sought him at the sepulchre: "woman, why weepst thou?" His first appearance was to Magdalen; he said to her, "Mary!"—At the sound of that voice Magdalen's eyes were opened, and she answered, "Master!" This reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.

Jim Crow in the Society Islands.—A recent traveller relates as follows:—In my rambles through the forest to-day, I was surprised to hear a stave of the old familiar song, Jim Crow, sung by a little voice but with singular fidelity of tone and time; and after a short search, I perceived a little naked native girl, of not more than four years of age, washing her little calico garment in a creek which flowed by, and amusing herself at her work, by singing "wheel about, and turn about, and do just so." The child attempted to escape when she found she was observed, but I caught her, and by dint of persuasion, and the offer of a RIAL, induced her to sing several verses to me.

Holding her tongue.—The late Dr. Abernethy would never permit his patients to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady, but by the following expedient:—"Put out your tongue, Madam." The lady complied. "Now keep it there till I have done talking."

Said among the Prophets.—Ex-President Houston, of Texas, has joined a Temperance Society, and delivered several lectures in favor of the cause of temperance.











